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IDEALINA; AND OTHER POEMS.



I D E A L I N A ;

AND

Other Poems.

BY

HARRY QUILLEM.

presented by
Edward John C. Keweenaw



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DEDICATION.



TO

HON. DELOS LAKE.

IN assuming the liberty of inscribing to you, Sir, the following pages, it is not that they possess any merit entitling them to so flattering and distinguished an endorsement, but simply as a slight testimonial of sincere friendship, on the part of one, who, however much may be his deficiencies in the style of meritorious composition, would desire to give some evidence of his appreciation of your kind heart, your cultivated mind, and exalted character. These pages are mostly the product of my Boyhood's fancy, and are replete with the evidences of immatured thought, and I have sought to preserve them, not with the vain hope of being able to rescue them from the merited oblivion to which they are ultimately destined; but if, from the partiality of friends, (for whose eyes alone they are intended,) they may at times beguile the

monotony of duty into the recreation of an hour, I will have realized the full fruition of my wishes. For the realization of this hope, I do not doubt, but that I shall be indebted more to the use of your name, than to any intrinsic excellence the compositions possess.

With the assurance of my friendly intention, and with the hope that the liberty thus taken will not displease you beyond the favorable prospect of reconciliation, and with an anxious desire for your prosperity and happiness,

I subscribe myself respectfully,

Your obedient and

Humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

IDEALINA:

A METRICAL PHANTASIE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

I.

Our life is all a mystery
Too subtle for the finite mind,
And oftener 'tis the wish to free
The thought from the strong chains that bind
It to the dark study of earth—
Its good and ill so strangely blended—
Than take delight in giving birth
To fancies that may ne'er be ended ;
Or vainly seeking to discover
The clue to that forbidden truth,
That from the dawn of thought will hover
In mist around the dreams of youth.

And oh, that mystic thing, the heart !

How frail its hopes, how strong its fears !
How much of joy it can impart,

How much of bitterness and tears !
It is the treasury of life

In which all thought, emotion, feeling
Are garnered up, and oft is rife

With hope and pleasure's sweet revealing ;
But oftner from the book of fate

It hoards each sorrow's hateful page,
'Till life and hope are desolate,

And nought endears earth's pilgrimage,
Unless a joy it is to be

The slave and curse of MEMORY !

The golden visions of our youth !

They come and mock us with their spell,—
They seem all loveliness and truth,

But oh, how soon the sad farewell
Is taken, and the heart repines

For pleasures that have pass'd away,
And hope mourns o'er its broken shrines

That fast are mould'ring in decay.

We hurry on to Manhood's goal

To grasp the baubles that are there ;
We flee to age,—and yet the soul

Turns back to Eden-joys that were,
When youth's sweet vision of life's morn

Was like a sunbeam on the heart,

And all the dreams, now faded, gone,
Elysian raptures did impart.
For feverish, restless are the years
That make up life's maturer prime ;
The wrestle and the strife bring tears
For homage to ambition's shrine ;
The tameless passions that are ours
With flick'ring light lead far astray
The reason, whose unguarded powers
They lull to slumber—to betray.
Oh then, when sated, wearied, palled
With the feast of earthly bitterness,
How often are the dreams recalled
That came in early youth to bless,
And shed o'er life a sunny beam
As bright as passing meteor's gleam,
And yet as transient in its light
As is that streaming meteor's flight.

II.

When life was young,—in boyhood's time,
I clasp'd a vision to my heart,
Far sweeter than a poet's rhyme,
And dearer than the minstrel's art ;
A dream of youth, and hope and love,
Of spring-time with its golden hours,
When all of earth, around, above,
Seem'd bright as summer's garden flow'rs.

The heart was fresh and happy then
As loves that bask in beauty's rays ;
The blight of time had seared within
No hope that guiled life's better days,
Nor then affection's blight had made
A wreck of almost every joy,
Nor reckless passion had essay'd
Its guiltier powers to employ ;
But life flowed on, a quiet stream,
Whose every bubble was a dream
Of more than earthly happiness,
Or vision of entrancing bliss.

I loved ! It was no form of earth
That won my heart's first sunny dream,
It seem'd that nought of mortal birth
Could shed that bright and blissful beam
Which to the heart was kindly given
To make of earth a Poet's Heaven.
It was the coinage of the brain,
The empress of my fancy's realm,
To whom I bowed and lisped the strain
Of youthful love, that seemed to 'whelm
Me in its tide of glowing dreams
'Till life was nought but ecstasy,
And Heav'n appeared in sunny gleams
To hold in spell th' enraptured eye.
I gazed upon that visioned form
As thus it glowed in fancy's light,
And thoughts impassioned, pure and warm,

Sprang up in stern, resistless might,
Forcing the haunted heart to be
The prey to vain idolatry.

Oh, how I loved that image fair
As glassed upon my heart it lay !—
More lovely than the Naiads are,
Or Nymphs that wake the Poet's lay,—
There seemed to it a beauty given
More gorgeous e'en than tints of even.
I worshipped with a heart run wild
With deep excess of love, and then
When thus by passion's dreams beguiled,
And all was burning woe within,
I pined in grief that there was none
Could be that vision's counterpart,—
No form of earth to be the sun
Of dreams that throng th' adoring heart.

III.

A bitter doom it is to love
And know thy love is all in vain ;
To feel your own heart deeply move
And yet no kindred love may gain ;
To live uncheered by other's smiles
When they alone the least can bless,
And know no kindly heart beguiles
Your own with loving tenderness.

And bitter 'tis to be alone,

To sigh and weep, and vainly yearn
For music of some gentle tone

To which the heart can trusting turn,
And drink its stream of earthly bliss,
Scarce less than Heaven's happiness ;
To feel a thirst we cannot still,

A hunger that the soul annoys,—
The restless hope—the feverish thrill—

The wild and longing wish for joys
That fortune dooms to be unsated—

The anxious struggle, and the woe
To every disappointment fated

That e'er can reach the heart below,—
Compared to this, e'en death would seem

To be a sweet, refreshing sleep,
Whose one unbroken sunny dream,
Would leave the heart no more to weep.

Oh, I have felt the madd'ning spell—

This chainless impulse to aspire ;
Have felt the agony and hell

That mocking wait on vain desire ;
Have wished, till wish became a curse

From which my thoughts I could not free,
A dark and horrid phantom-nurse,
To haunt the cells of memory.

I longed for that ideal love

That claimed the homage of my soul,
The being whom I deemed would prove

The heart's best prize and blissful goal ;
And still I worshipped on, and still
The aching void was in my heart,
Which time, nor strength, nor hope could fill,
Or dream of pleasure once impart ;—
It is a bitter doom to be
The sport and child of misery !

IV.

As years grew on, I felt my brow
With shade of cank'ring thought o'ercast,
The thought that lingered on the vow
And vision of the early past,
The secret longing I had nursed,
The struggle and the heart's aspirings,
And all the tumult that at first
Gave token of the soul's desirings.
My nature that was coined in love,
Still fed upon its passion-food,
Which sweet, though dimly understood,
Seemed types and tokens from above ;
For love is something not of earth,
A yearning for the good denied,
It owns a bright Elysian birth
And there by angels deified ;
It is the restless, vain desire
For what on earth may not be given,
Th' unbodied wishes that inspire

The fondest hopes and dreams of Heaven.
For who can truly love, and feel
The heart's wild visions all possessed,
Or deem that passion can reveal
No wish with deeper joy impressed ?
'T were vain ! Love never grants the full
Of bliss or rapture it inspires,
But leaves unsated still the soul
That's racked with fond and vain desires.
These are alike our bliss and doom,
The sweeter life we sometimes feel,
And then, the shadow and the tomb
Of hopes that lur'd us with their spell
When earth was to our charmed eyes
The dream of early paradise.
Enough ! I loved, and could not quell
The flame that glowed within my soul,
Tho' oft I strove to break the spell
That o'er me had such strange control.
And oft amid the war of life
Where fierce, contending passions ruled,
The anxious struggle and the strife
In which the baffled thought is schooled,
I've turned me from ambition's dream
And flatt'ring hopes of worldly power,
To linger on that visioned beam
Of happiest light to Boyhood's hour.
I've paused to worship o'er again
The earliest idol of the heart,
And when from busy haunts of men

I've wander'd from all else apart,
I've knelt at that dear, hallowed shrine
Where thou dost reign—my soul's ideal—
And heedless asked thee to be mine,
As though of earth thou could'st be real !
I knew 'twas folly, madness all,
But slave to thy mysterious power,
How vainly would I flee the thrall,
Or make less consecrate the hour.

'Tis strange, that boyhood's sunny dream !
'Tis strange, the heart's first vow was given
To one who lived in fancy's gleam
To type the beauteous forms of Heaven.
But stranger still, that when long years
Of hapless anguish and of love,
Had left the soul all drowned in tears,
And grief did my devotion prove,
The reign of joy should come at last
And transport fill the soul's glad streams—
For *I have met*, what in the past
Was but the angel of my *dreams* !
That sweet embodiment of light
I've gazed upon with earthly vision,
And then did flee the spirit's night
Which clouded hopes of birth Elysian,
And leaped the heart exultingly
At thought—ANGELICA—of thee !

PART II.

1.

Can earthly form or shape compare
With that which fancy bodies forth ?
Can aught e'er be as wondrous fair
As that being of ideal worth,
Which lives and glows, and brightly beams
The soul of our entrancing dreams ?
The Naiad of the sunny stream,
The Nymph of Grecian minstrel's dream,
The Dryad of the grassy dell,
And Peri of the pearly shell,
Are creatures of poetic mind,
And emblem all that's pure and fair ;
But can their beauties all combined,
Or fabled spirits of the air,
In life a mortal being find
Like them so lovely and refined ?
Oh, brighter far than love's first dream
The image that my soul has glassed,

Brighter than fancy's sunlit gleam
The vision to my heart is clasped ;
Ay, fairer is my earthly love
Than aught was e'er to fancy's seeming,
And lovelier than the thoughts that wove
The web of boyhood's early dreaming !
I saw and looked my soul's amaze,
That earth should boast an angel form,
And worship drank in every gaze,
Thus locked in spell of beauty's charm,
And felt that fortune then had given
The heart its sweetest glimpse of Heaven !

ANGELICA ! 'Twas joy to see
Thee, radiant as the sun of hope,
That with its magic beams awoke
The Memnon of Love's minstrelsy !
'Twas joy to feel that thou wert near,
And drink in rapture from the vision,
To own how sweet the Heaven here
To which the smile gave joy Elysian,
And be in heart and soul sincere,
Thy fondest, truest worshipper.

A strange, mysterious power there is
In e'en the accents of thy name,
A spell of dearer happiness
Than visions of serenest fame ;
For who can love, and yet not own,
As oft is heard the loved one's name,

A thrill as sweet as music tone
That o'er the heart in childhood came ?
The sound at once enchains the thought
As by a moonbeam's softened spell,
And with an influence 'tis fraught
Resistless as the ocean's swell,
In binding with a stronger chain
The heart that beats its bars in vain !
Oh, I adore each word that makes
Of thy loved name a treasured part,
And every syllable creates
An added bliss within the heart,
And when I've heard them all complete
And lisp'd e'en by a stranger tongue,
Love's fond emotions throng'd to greet
The sound so softly, strangely sweet,
Whereon the heart in transport hung.

To know this being is to love ;
'Twere vain to flee from love's control,
For every pulse would chime, and move
To homage the adoring soul.
Though shapes of angel beauty flowed
Upon the thought 'mid sunny dreams,
And though the faultless canvass glowed
'Neath fancy's brush of golden beams,
'Twere vain the picture there to see
Of her—my life's idolatry—
For fancy is a finite power,
A power that is not limitless,

While her's is nature's richest dower—
Perfections infinite, to bless—
And heaven created loveliness.

II.

I ever worship at the shrine
Of all that's beautiful and fair,
And o'er the fond heart's sadden'd clime
The joy-beam breaks and lingers there,
To show how pure and deep may be
For such, the soul's idolatry.
The mountain summit bathed in clouds ;
The cliff that braves the wintry storm,
And in its rugged fastness shrouds
The Genii of romantic charm ;
The vale that blooms in vernal pride ;
The landscape blending every hue,
And fraught with fragrant charms beside
T' attract the homage that is due ;
The foliage of summer trees ;
The unclosed bud, the spreading leaf ;
The streamlet's varied harmonies ;
The flower bursting from its sheath ;
The fountain bubbling up in song ;
The music of earth's welling springs ;
The murm'ring sounds that glide along
O'er orange glades ; the bird that sings ;
The stars that gem the vaulted sky—

Its rich adornment and its pride ;
Its walls of vast immensity,
And all Earth's glorious pomp beside,
Have e'er for me a charm as sweet
As loving tones affection hath,
And as enduring and complete
As woman's pure, unsullied faith.

I gaze upon the hallowed stars
Whose loveliness enrapt the eye—
The tumult of the spirit's wars
Is calmed as by a lullaby ;
The tide of eloquence they pour
Of Music, Poetry and Love,
Fall on the heart like silver shower
Of moonbeams from their source above,
And charmed streams in sweetness roll
O'er secret haunts of raptured soul.
I gaze upon the blushing flower
That sparkles in the dew-drop's blaze
In glow of morning's early hour,
That brightens all things' neath its rays ;
Then too, a silent pleasure steals
In magic softness o'er the heart,
Whose kindly influence e'er reveals
The presence of refining art.
I've seen the rainbow, as its form
Was mirrored in the water-drop,
Sparkle most beautifully and bright
Beneath the sunbeams glowing light,

And harp-strains of emotions warm
 Within the heart were then awoke—
It seemed that some mysterious breath
 Had touched its lyre's sweetest strings,
And answered with its music wealth,
 Awaking all the soul's deep springs,
And was much sweeter, far, than tones
 With which the zephyr's breath abounds,
As 'long the hush of eve it comes
 To waken soft Æolian sounds.

But what's the livery of Heaven,
 Its clouds that look so silv'ry fair,
The iris tints of summer even
 That blend in mystic beauty rare ;
And what the myriad forms of earth
 That win upon the outward sense,
To that deep charm that has its birth
 Within the shrine of innocence—
That spell of loveliness that binds
 Us by a strength to earth uncommon,
And in each beauteous object finds
 Reflected light from peerless woman.
She is the centre of our dreams,
 The sun to which turns every thought,
And makes all things with music fraught,
 Like Memnon's statue that of old
When felt the rising sun of gold
 Sang out to its impinging beams.

III.

The idol that I loved was not
What I could deem of mortal birth ;
So pure, without a stain or spot,
She seemed of Heaven and not of Earth.

There are faces we sometimes meet
So witching with expression sweet,
That human power would essay
In vain their beauties to portray—
Would e'en the glittering canvass shame,
That vaunted mockingly a claim
To image them in truthful light
Upon its sheen of purest white,
E'en tho' with magic pencil drawn
That paints the rosy tints of dawn,
Or brush to fancy only known
Dipp'd in sunbeams of breathless noon.
They do not come upon the heart
As with the thunder's sudden start,
Nor like a torrent madly roll
Into the channels of the soul ;
But like affection's fondest dream,
Their angel-loveliness doth seem
To sink with softness in the heart,
Becoming through all time a part
Of visions that will ever be
The haunting spells of memory.

We gaze, and feasts the eye the while
On beauty's soft, endearing smile,
And feel the answ'ring look enthrall
The mind and heart and senses all
As with a chain of charms as bright
As visions of a summer night.
The kindly offered hand we press
And feel a thrill of happiness ;
A stream of joy intensely glide
Into the soul's impassioned tide,
Whose every bound'ry overflows,
And channels deepen where it goes.
The angel type enchants the eyes
And on the heart its image lies,
And as we gaze the bosom warms
To clasp its luxury of charms.
We *feel* the mystic presence near,
We *own* it to the bosom dear,
The Heaven in her look we see
And orbs that kindle lovingly ;
But oh, to image them that all
May see what holds the heart in thrall,
Or to another's eye portray
The heart's enchanting light of day—
How deep's the poverty of thought
To soar on eagle pinions taught,
And poor the minstrelsy of words
Tho' flung from Music's sweetest chords.

As difficult 'twould be to limn
The likeness of the smiling queen,
As e'er with languaged skill essay
My love's attractions to portray.
The sun of eighteen summers shone
Upon her beauty's peerless throne,
And seasons rare they must have been
Of joy, and rapture's sweetest dream,
For on her brow no shadow came
To dim the glory of its reign.
Her features were as softly sweet
As day-beam ever joyed to greet,
Or any moulded by the clime
Where love is lisp'd in minstrel's rhyme,
Blending the hue of fairest rose
With loveliest tint the lily knows,
And fairer far than sweetest bloom
That smiles beneath the summer noon,
Or aught that e'er propitious grew
'Neath gales perfumed with morning dew—
Its fragrant incense born to rise
In homage to its genial skies.
Her eye was dark as noon of night,
When moon and stars were out of sight,
Whose lash but part concealed below
A lid as white as driven snow,
And from those orbs each wand'ring beam
Brought memory of some sunny dream.
O'er her fair brow the raven tress
Hung down in braided loveliness,

The bloom of youth's Idalian rose
Upon her cheek found sweet repose,
And trembling blushes nestling there,
Showed her sinless as angels are.
The rich lip, ruddy, fresh and fair,
And lapped in odors of the air,
With tempting beauty, sweet and warm,
Invited to its glowing charm,
And in each dimple's fairy cell
The monarch of the smile did dwell,
And hallow its delicious reign
By wreathing weird enchantment's chain.
So small and delicate the waist,
A zone of fairy might have clasped ;
The hand was in concealment thrown
Within the pressure of your own ;—
She moves ! the air that breathless roves,
Now sighs in homage as she moves !
She smiles ! the pulses lightly bound
As to the strains of Syrian sound !
She speaks ! 'tis like the music sweet
That comes in dreams the heart to greet—
A melody of richer tone
Than aught to music ever known,
Or breathings of divinest love
That can the soul with rapture move,
And sweet as angel harmonies
From blissful bowers of paradise.
There's in her look and mien
A majesty that's seldom seen,

And in her eyes a power doth lie
To make e'en vice to virtue fly ;
The rashly erring heart would win
From path of folly and of sin,
For wickedness could never live
Within the light those planets give,
Or mask its hideousness the while
Within the radiance of her smile,
But turn and rend itself in shame
That e'er it bore a sullied name.
All these, the *human* beauties were
That claimed me an idolater,
The clust'ring charms around her flung
On which Hope's freshest garlands hung,
And made the more enchanting real
Than fancy's fondest, loved ideal !

But better far than angel face,
Luxuriant form and winning grace,
Than deep dark eye and conqu'ring smile,
And lips reposing love the while,
And dimpling blushes that betray
Emotions in the heart at play,
And all the beauties that invite
The sense, and charm th' enraptured sight,
Was that deep glow that brightly shone
Where mind has its imperial throne,
To which the heart owned sweet control
As homage to the hallowing soul.

Her thoughts that were with love refined,
Breathed tenderness to all mankind,
And in the heart a fountain lay
By kindness wrought to beaded spray,
Which showed its silver tide to be
The flow of purest sympathy.
And though more lovely than the lymph
Of glassy stream or fountain nymph,
Yet mildly on her peerless brow
The sunbeam fell with modest glow,
And in her smile the want of art
Portrayed the innocence of heart.
Ay, modest as the fading beam
The moon sheds o'er the laughing stream;
And guileless as the sportive fay
That revels in the starry ray,
A soft enchantment 'round her threw
Hope's blossoms moist with Eden dew,
And spell of witchery too was given
To charm the thoughts with love and Heaven.

Oh, in her presence one could feel
That Eden did its sun reveal,
And as you walked with her alone
Beneath the radiance of the moon,
And in the loved and quiet light
Of stars that gem the azure night,
There seemed a sweet, faint music near
Of beams from every starry sphere,

Like whispers of Æolian strings
When fanned by seraphs' golden wings,
Amid the bowers that bloom above
And singing of an angel's love !



PART III.

1.

WHAT is that weird, controlless feeling
Which gives new impulse to the soul—
That hope of better life revealing,
The heart aspiring makes its goal ?
What power is that which wakes desires
That haunt the craving, restless spirit,
And vain as oft, yet still aspires
For that, ne'er fated to inherit ?
'Tis *love*—the ready heart responds—
But what is this controlling *love*,
Of which the dreaming thought abounds,
And makes each pulse to music move ?

In lore that reaches from the past,
The dreamy lore of years long gone,
'Tis taught that man by fate was cast
From glories of a brighter home ;

That in another state he shared

A bliss to lowly earth ne'er giv'n,
And all his present joys are marred .

By dreamings of a former Heav'n ,
That thought, hope, fancy feeling, all,
The powers that we now possess,
Are what but to the soul recall

The memories of an Eden bliss ;
And that each hoarded truth we learn,
Revives but some forgotten thought,
And all the good for which we yearn
Is from that bright existence caught.

Is it not so ? Do we not feel

That in this fond Athenian dream,
There are emotions which reveal

A sparkle of truth's glimm'ring beam ?
Can aught in life awaken e'er

Those longings vain and vague desires
That ever haunt us strangely here,

When love our ardent dreams inspires ?
The heart that owns to passion's sway,

And in the light of fancy lives,
Finds more of happiness in its ray

Than aught that worldly pleasure gives :
'Tis lighted up with brighter gleams

Than charm the lowly sphere of earth,
And filled with more enchanting dreams

Than such dull life has given birth.

Then who can say that love is not
The brightest mem'ry we retain
Of glories of that brighter lot
Which dimly it revives again?
Though fond ambition may aspire
To reach the loftiest goal of mind,
And 'waken too the vague desire,
And longing that on earth we find,
'Tis but a *fainter* thought revived
Within the shade of passion's fane,
Where all that may be has survived
Of memory of our blissful reign.
The heart that loves, and truly loves,
Brings brighter visions to the sight,
And giving all things beauty, moves
The soul to homage and delight,
And owns within a newer birth
Of feelings that will not decay,
A something that is not of earth,
Nor perishable with its clay,
A pining for a brighter sphere
Of which it has the memory here,
The restless wish and wasting sigh
To still enjoy its *native* sky.

II.

The fair ANGELICA, I loved
With that intensity of soul,



Which to all other passion proved
The pure and fond heart's only goal.
She was to me a mystic light
Which wizzard fancy had created,
To shine upon the deepened night.
Of passion to the heart prefated ;
And oh, I worshipped it as one
Would e'er adore the moon-borne tide
Of silvery beams that brighter shone
As for the loved one by the side,
When with its stream the words of love
Mingled in one harmonious flow,
And all the beaming worlds above
Seemed listening to its music low ;
Or as the lone heart's evening star
That sheds its cheering light within,
And hushing feelings that would mar
The spirit's calm repose, or win
The gloss from sweetest memories,
Which are like sunbeams brightly cast
Upon the stream of thought that lies
In lustre of the visioned past.

I gazed, and o'er the heart, the rush
Of thoughts like golden fancies came,
And idol-memories would gush
Within the soul, a summer stream
That flowed with music in each wave,
Like rivulet o'er sounding shells,

As sweet as visions that e'er gave
To youth and hope their garland-spells.
Fond love! Thou art the young heart's dream,
Its solace in a world of care,
Its hope and bliss, its sunny gleam
That makes all things beauteous and fair!
Beneath its spell I've wandered forth
Amid the summer's laureled fields,
And found a more enchanting worth
In all the wealth that nature yields;
The petals of the blooming flower
Did seem to wear a richer sheen;
The landscape slept beneath a shower
Of beams that lit a brighter scene;
The woods with all their foliated wealth
Gave forth a thousand sunnier dyes;
The air that roved as 'twere by stealth
Sighed out in sweetest harmonies;
And beauty reigned on all around
Triumphant in its proud display,
And caused the lightened heart to bound
'Neath its and love's delicious sway.
The silver streamlet leaped along
As gleesome as a fairy's revel,
And birds poured forth their tide of song
That o'er the spirit's realm would travel,
And leave in each successive flow
A rapture and a memory
The heart of love can only know,
And feelings that can never die.

All these did minister to love,
Supplying it with angel-food,
The thoughts—dim-visioned from above—
And pinings for a heavenly good.
The heart o'ergushing with its tide
Of rich affection, spread o'er earth
An Eden splendor, and the pride
Of glories free from Autumn dearth,
And thus, 'twas happiness to live
Amid a paradise of bloom,
And feel all things in bounty give
A refuge from the waste of gloom.

And well it is for life's young heart
That love is not forbidden there,
For sweetest joys it can impart
Amid a world of gloom and care.
And well, that fond affection's stream
Its fleshly bounds should overflow,
And give the magic of a dream
To life amid its waste of woe.
For love within the heart confined
Will stagnate in its fettered sphere,
Like streams which circling mountains bind,
Though full, all motionless appear ;
But when it finds a kindred heart,
And breaks the bounds that pent its flow,
It bears rich treasures that impart
A joy 'tis happiness to know.
Oh thus, did seek my soul's deep tide

The channel of my idol's thought,
And gushing in its wealth of pride
Bore music to the shrine it sought.
On her, the radiant earthly type
Of early fancy's fond revealings,
I threw my hope with passion ripe,
And all affection's noblest feelings—
And recked not of the world's vain glow
In dreamings of a Heaven below.

III.

I woo'd the loved ! the beautiful !
I gazed upon her peerless brow
With heart of love and hope, as full
As is the soul of mem'ries now.
I looked into her deep dark eyes
That shed within the heart a light
Like twilight star's o'er paradise,
When all with golden glow is bright,
And poured the hoarded treasures forth
That love had garnered in its store—
The sum of rich affection's worth
That longed with miser wish for more—
The thoughts that wildly, sweetly gush
From pent up fountains of the heart,
Like sunny streamlets as they rush
From hidden springs with sudden start—

The solemn feelings that belong
To the fond soul that passion moves,
And all the dreams that ever throng
Upon the heart of one who loves—
Like softened sounds of twilight wave,
Or dewy foliage whispering low,
Her voice came o'er the heart and gave
A thrill of happ'ness to its flow,
And smiles passed o'er the sunlit soul
Like zephyrs soft o'er blooming flowers,
For passion now had won its goal,
And linked in one the hearts of ours.

We loved! • Oh, all that Poets feign
To know of Heav'n was in my heart,
And then did Music's spirit reign
Exulting in its blissful art.
There is no rapture known to earth,
No ecstasy that life can coin,
No happiness that has its birth
In which the human heart may join,
Like that the ardent lover feels
When first he learns the magic truth,
That love of kindred heart reveals
The wish attained that haunted youth.
To worship with the heart's devotion
An idol Passion has created,
To lavish all the deep emotion
With which the soul may ne'er be sated—

To bow before the hallowed shrine
Of one who did an angel seem,
Too pure and fair to link with time
The blissful hope of wedlock's dream,
And know thy yearning's not in vain—
Brings paradise within the soul,
And throws o'er passion's earthly stain
The light its garden blooms control.

We loved ! and love became the food
Of every thought, the only dream
That fraught link'd life with seeming good,
Or gave to earth a pleasure-gleam—
And all the yearnings that I knew—
The moanings of a severed heart—
Were hushed as it became anew
Of its original a part.
And then all artless grew our love
Our eyes beamed confidence on each ;
And hearts in bliss together wove
Held converse free from passion's reach,
And knew nor jealousy, nor fear,
But felt the peace of faithful hearts,
And high-born feelings that appear
Like music of seraphic harps.
The earth and air, and sea and sky,
And all the worlds that beamed above,
Seemed rich with sweetest melody,
And typed the holiness of love ;

And from them all were gathered words
And im'ges of affection's truth,
And thoughts, that came like summer birds,
From mem'ry-haunted realms of youth.
And even now, 'though time has flown
Like meteor 'long the track of night,
And feelings have more earthly grown,
Since all is wrecked that gave delight,
And 'mid the world I've vainly sought
A solace for my spirit's tears,
And gone the hues my fancy caught
With which to paint the future years—
Yet Mem'ry disentombs the past,
And from the sepulchre of dreams
And fancies that o'er life were cast
'Mid lustre of Hope's sunny gleams,
A low, faint voice comes stealing o'er
The heart, like melodies of youth,
When earth and sun and planets wore
The Heavenly sheen of love and truth.

IV.

We often met! but not amid
The gaze of such as could not know
How holy the affection hid
Within the heart's warm current flow!
We could not brook that other eyes
Should pry into the soul's recess,

And penetrate the treasured guise
That masked each ardent, loving breast.
For love is timid, and would not
Be subject for the idler's jeer,
Or have thus marred the peaceful lot
That Hope did to itself endear,
But shrinks with modest awe from rude
Surmises, yet more rudely given,
And seeks its own sweet solitude,
And blisses of its lonely heaven.
We met and drew inspiring breath
From every breeze that floated by,
And drank the summer's hoarded wealth
Of sweets from flowers blooming nigh.
And deep within the soul of each,
Fond thoughts like stillest waters lay,
And from the eye was all the speech
That oft affection would essay ;
For in the heart of love, the wave
Doth sometimes make its silent flow,
And 'though its tide is oft the grave
In which the art of words lies low,
Yet thought doth take its quiet way
Reflected in the placid stream,
And all the hush'd emotions lay
In lustre of affection's beam.
We've strolled beside the silver lake
When crimson skies have fled away,
And evening zephyr's softly wake
The blooms that 'neath the moonlight lay,

And standing far above its wave,
With warm emotions in the soul,
Have gazed as on a glass that gave
The likeness of the worlds that roll
In beauty and in pride above,
While we, midway, did seem to stand
In sphere, like magic fairy land,
That fancy formed alone for love.
And there we've listened to the song
Of flowers, and night bird's roundelay,
And star-borne tide of beams that throng
The heart, and to its music sway
Would yield our spirits, as to sounds
That floated far from Eden bowers,
Each note of which with bliss abounds
To halcyon the fleeting hours.
Those peerless hours ! What joy they brought !
They came and passed so softly by,
That not a foot-print on the thought
Betrayed the sign that they were nigh !
The Hours are Deities that time
Has given to the quiet spirit,
When life not yet has soiled the shrine
Of joys, that youth and hope inherit ;
And oh, when all is calm within,
And sleeps the heart in love's repose,
We feel their sound of music win
A thrilling rapture as it flows,
And thoughts come forth from spirit-bowers,
In homage to their idol Hours !

V.

Thus time passed on, but could not dim
The fervor of that flame which glowed
In mutual bosoms, and the hymn
Of voiced affection sweetly flowed
Upon the hush of twilight hour,
Like soft airs borne on music wings,
To breathe upon the slumb'ring flower,
And waken love's imaginings.
For love had giv'n me higher aims,
A thirsting breast and vast desire,
A spirit mounting up in dreams
Which bade the slumb'ring soul aspire.
I felt a more ennobled heart,
An impulse that exalts, refines,
High thoughts and instincts that impart
Sweet incense to affection's shrines.
Within the heart a thousand feelings
Came welling from the fount of love,
And visions, that did seem revealings,
Though dim and vague, were from above ;
And earth did take the sunny hue
Of glory, and ambition's dream,
And fame its lavish sun-light threw
O'er hopes were nursed in fairy realm.
I gazed upon some distant goal,
From which the heart, unloving, shrinks,

But loving, rouses all the soul
That from the spring of passion drinks,
And then did seek in pride to win
A name that on the world might shine
With light of goodness—free from sin—
Fit offering for my idol's shrine !

As fast as time sped on, our love
Became yet brighter and more strong,
And all of nature seem'd to move
In concert with affection's song.
Our hearts were as two gentle streams
That mingled all their wealth in one—
Our soul's were filled with kindred dreams
Awaked from life's one chord alone ;
Our fancies formed a paradise
O'er which the purest love held sway,
And Hope amid its dews would rise
To welcome each approaching day,
And through the night bring visions sweet
Of birds and flowers, and songs of love,
And beauty such as angels meet
In bow'rs of Amaranth above.
Thus, life to us was golden bright,
With music in each breath of air,
And from the future peered a light
To show the Heav'n love pictured there !

PART IV.

I.

TIME waned ! Oh, what a world of thought
Lies in the circle of those words !
How much of bliss or woe is brought
To strike upon the spirit's chords,
And make them give forth music tones
Of joy and hope and happiness,
Or answer to the thrilling moans
Awakened by the heart's distress.
The stream of time flows on, and though
No ripple crisps its peaceful wave,
Its surface all unmoved will show
The wreck of hopes it early gave—
Of joys that once did gaily float
Upon its bosom's swelling pride,
And feelings that affection wrought,
Now borne on its oblivious tide.

Time waned ! A few short months had flown,
That glided by on rapture's wing,
When all to earth of heaven was known—
The happiness that time could bring—
Perish'd like blooms 'neath autumn airs,
And all to manhood's eye was gloom,
And life grew up with thronging cares
That marred the beauty of its bloom,
For o'er the heart a Samiel came,
That withered all that blossom'd there,
And left it nothing but the name—
The waste, the desert of despair !

The transient bubble of the wave
I've seen in magic beauty rise,
And then its mirroring surface gave
The imag'ry of the morning skies ;
It seemed a world of life and light,
Illumined by a mimic sun,
Its floating clouds looked silv'ry white,
And fair it was to gaze upon,
But soon a breath dissolved the spell,
And all its mimic beauty fled,
The tiny sun in darkness fell—
A world of magic splendor dead !
And thus it is with time which brings
Fond dreams to lure the trusting soul,
A world of bright imaginings
Which make the pure heart's highest goal,

Then bubble-like, a wave of air
Dissolves the blissful period's charm,
And life with hope no longer warm,
Awakes the frenzy of despair.

It *may* be there are those who live
Within the sphere of fancied bliss,
Whose very sorrows to them give
The joy and happiness of this ;
But such *there are* who feel desire,
A deep, a yearning curse within,
Whose every thought glows with a fire
Some high and fancied goal to win;
Who live indeed in fancy's realm
And clasp in every cloud a vision,
Whose life is but one constant dream,
And pinings for a bliss Elysian.
They yield to some unbodied thought
The worship of life's holiest time,
And every feeling, wish, is fraught
With homage to some ideal shrine,
For whose divinity they yearn,
And waste their life in vain desirings,
For seldom earthly shapes may turn
To what called forth the soul's aspirings.
But if the bodied form is found,
Which lived in fancy's glowing light—
If earth should chance within its bound
To hold the spell that breaks the night

Of pinings vague for bliss below,
And such a spirit learns to love,
To feel deep passion's burning glow
For one of earth, but born above—
And then the love of each be plighted—
What rapturous bliss is there !
But if affection's hope be blighted,
What guage can measure its despair ?

II.

I saw and loved the idol sun
O'er fancy's growing realm that shone,
I bowed before the worshipped one,
Was loved, and was by fate undone !
Oh, there are times when the warm heart
Doth love to travel back, and live
Amid the dreams that form a part
Of joys its Eden memories give ;
It lingers on the tide of years
That bore rich freight unto the soul,
Ere life had changed its smiles to tears,
Or Hope had reached affliction's goal.

ANGELICA ! I miss thee now !
I stroll beside the glassy stream,
Where zephyrs fan my aching brow,
And all of happy life doth seem
The faded image of a dream. .

I cast around my longing eyes,
And what now meets the anxious view,
Brings mem'ry of the paradise
O'er which I roved with love and you.
I see the sinking sun, and wave
That flows in murm'ring sweetness by,
I feel its balmy breeze that gave
Sweet melody when thou wert nigh ;
I hear the whisp'ring stir of leaves,
The rills that from their fountains gush,
And song-birds trill 'mid woodbine wreaths,
The lays that waken twilight's hush—
The sounds oft heard when thou wert near,
And joys sprang up like summer flowers—
They're now upon my cheerless ear,
Remembrancers of happier hours !
I feel once more thy arm in mine,
In all the confidence of love ;
Thy eyes in gentleness doth shine
Like chasten'd moonlight from above,
And as my spirit drinks the gaze,
The heart throbs wildly with delight—
The rapture of love's halcyon days,
Throws sunshine o'er the soul's deep night.
Thy winning voice in accents low,
Comes floating back on mem'ry's stream ;
The deep, warm thoughts will come and go,
That guiled me 'mid love's blissful dream,
But when I turned to *speak* to thee—
The fond, the vain illusion's gone,

Is gone the spell of memory,
And with despair I'm left alone.

The silvery morn of summer breaks,
And birds are singing in the grove,
Sweet warblers that the dawn awakes
To hymn the minstrelsy of love.
The sportive swallow from his height
Twitters his merry roundelay,
And plunging, in a circling flight
Now headlong makes his downward way,
And then in merry mood will rise
And seek by fickle turns his spire,
And warble o'er the melodies
That trill on morning's mystic lyre.
And there are hearts that gleeful spring
To meet the mantling morn, and bask
In dewy light of gladness wing—
Unused to wear the world's cold mask—
But there is one to whom the morn,
Nor hope nor fond rejoicing brings,
And Heaven seems to smile in scorn
Upon the soul's exhausted springs.
One heart, that sees no joy on earth,
And feels the skies look darkly down,
To make more sad the spirit's dearth,
And leave it bleeding and forlorn.
The very air that fans the cheek
And gives the fevered brow relief,

In that, a bitterness doth speak,
And seem a mockery of grief;
For oh, I've borne the cureless stain
Of woe, that e'er the heart could bear,
And all the soul doth writhe in pain
Of cureless anguish and despair.

I miss thee, my betrothed ! my own !
Thou'st ceased to linger by my side
At evening's hush and night's deep noon,
Who once was wont to be my guide !
I hear thy voice-harp swell no more
The music of the zephyr's breath,
And fled the witching smile you wore,
When love was lavish of its wealth.
But thou hast not been false, my love !
No treach'rous vow thy lips have passed—
No dark deceit could ever move
Thy heart in Eden mouldings cast !
But thou art where this broken heart
In death's lone quietude should rest,
For thy sweet words and gentle art,
Sleep now on Heaven's unchanging breast.

III.

The fair ANGELICA !—shé died !
She that was loved and beautiful,

That was my soul, my life, my pride—

The charm my bosom's rage could lull !

She died like music o'er the flowers

That blushing greet the early spring,

Or meteor 'mid the morning hours

When stars are brightly glimmering !

Oh, she that was so fair and bright,

Did feel the trace of parting life

On her fair cheek and brow of light—

Alone with sweetest sunshine rife—

And winds did breathe in hollow sighs

Their mournful tale of grief and woe,

As 'round her feverish couch, the cries

Of breaking hearts, uncheck'd did flow—

The requiem of my love and hope—

The knell of bliss and raptures fled—

The story of life's bubble broke,

And all youth's summer visions sped.

And then, dark shadows thickly stole

Upon the sun-beam of my fate,

And left the Eden of the soul,

All blighted—withered—desolate.

Dark thoughts, a wild, disordered brood,

Like harpy fiends would throng the heart,

And make its cherished memories food

To sate their vile, vindictive art.

'Twas death and agony and hell,

The torment that my bosom knew,

When love wailed thus its wild farewell,

And Hope expired in anguish too.

I never thought amid life's bloom
When Heav'n was floating in the air,
That e'er the shadow of the tomb
Would fall on hope and wake despair.
I did not dream as oft I sipped
At rapture's fount of blissful tears,
That joy's sweet blossoms would be nipped
Around its banks by frost of years ;
Or pleasure mount on sorrow's wings,
And from its peaceful home depart,
And with it the imaginings
That blessed the deeply loving heart.
I ne'er did think that air and earth
Would lose their beauty's witching spell,
And blooming flowers of summer birth
Increase my bosom's burning hell,
And all that formed my early bliss
Should only bring a spell of woe,
And every gleam of happiness
But hurry grief's unchanging flow.
But fate hath hurl'd its poisoned spear,
The hurt and rankling spirit falls,
Now, reckless of what once was dear,
And memory like a curse appals.
The shade of darkness now is thrown
Upon my sad and cheerless way,
And grief hath marked me for its own,
Unblest by one kind, sunny ray,
And all my soul's deep worship's cast,
A wreck upon a boundless sea—

The pure affections of the past
Are icles of memory !

Oh, why when broke life's tender chord
And flew thy spirit unto Heaven,
Did not the bosom that adored
Thee, feel to it love's respite given ?
Why ceased not then, the throbbing veins
That swelled the filling heart with woe,
And why is left to me the pains
Alone of anguish'd love below ?
Were we, ANGELICA, not *one* !
In heart and trusting love the same !
Then why, oh why should'st thou be gone,
And I—a blighted thing—remain ?
Our hearts were linked, our souls were wed,
Our thoughts and feelings all united,
Entwined as by a mystic thread,
And every fond affection plighted.
My dreams in thine were born anew,
Thy nerves did vibrate to my own,
Our eyes unto each other grew,
And lips with kindred warmth did burn.
Thou wert my Life's best, purest part,
The soul's divinity within,
The angel of my trusting heart
To guard me from the world's dark sin.
But now, the eye that shone with love
And kindled high its mutual flame,

Is lustreless, and may not rove
As in our happier days the same.
Thy lips whose gentle words did start
Within the soul a blissful light,
Are cold and wan, and can impart
No ray to cheer the heart's deep night,
And all that love could e'er adore
Now sleeps, to wake on earth—no more.

Thou wert on life's dark pilgrimage
To be my staff, and hope, and guide,
The joy and comfort of my age,
As of my youth the bosom's pride.
And when the world looked darkly on
The travail of th' aspiring soul,
When fortune gazed but with a frown
And fate denied the heart its goal,
Thou wast to be my hope's reward,
The world whose smiles would not forsake,
The bosom's best and lonely hoard
Of wealth misfortune could not take.
And I, whatever fate befel,
Would shield thee from its deadly aim ;
My breast alone, should ward the spell
Of wrath that o'er life's sunshine came.
And thus secure in mutual love
O'er which beams e'er a summer sky
Each heart 'mid fairy bowers would rove,
And chilling airs of earth defy,

But cease, oh memory ! cease to bring
Life's vision of the past to view—
The fickle, transitory thing
That blessed the heart but to undo !
'Tis vain ! while lingering on the brink
Of time, my "*curse* shall be to *think*."

IV.

And I will love thee, shrined one, still !
Tho' oft the voice of pleasure lures,
And joy and music earth's bow'rs fill,
No spell like these the spirit cures,
But all such cheerful sounds doth seem
A banquet in the midst of death,
Or painful memory of a dream
That fled before the simoom's breath.
Aye ! I will love thee, tho' the thought
"Doth work like madness in the brain,"
Though tears that to the soul are brought,
Fall o'er its waste, a purple rain,
Though every memory is a pang,
And thoughts are serpents in the heart,
That pierce the core with sheathless fang
'Till poison fills up every part !
For what is *life* but *love* for *thee* ?
Take *love* away and life is not !
Then cease—oh ! cease—my memory,
That I may share *her* peaceful lot !

Dark world ! thou hast no spell to win
Me from the woes of blighted love,
Thy countless shadowings of sin,
But teach the heart to look above !
Ambition's dream has now no charm
To solace suffering like mine ;
I cannot bow with feelings warm
At Fame's or Glory's hallowed shrine ;
I care not for earth's laurels now,
Its vain distinctions and its pride ;
They cannot glow upon the brow
Of her—my heart-shrined—ANGEL-BRIDE !

I.

To thee, my love's last lay, I sing,
Sweet angel of the sky !
And then will break the harp's lone string
And its sad echoes die !
It woke when fancy's faith was strong,
And then its finest chords were strung
To love's sweet melody,
But soon the blight of autumn years
Awoke the heart and it to tears !

II.

I've loved thee long ! The angel thou
Of passion's earliest dream,
And then the sun-beam lit my brow
As with Hope's fairy gleam,
For I had found thee on the earth
A stranger fair of heavenly birth,
As thou to me didst seem,
And then I made thy heart my shrine,
And worshipped thee as though divine !

III.

I love thee now ! And though I've wept
Life's warm and bitter tears,
And woes, like adders coiled, have crept
Around youth's better years,
Since thou hast taken back thy flight
To that far sphere of Eden light
Thy birth to thee endears—
Still—still thy image is a part
Of my forlorn and bleeding heart.

IV.

Perchance 'tis well that thou art freed
From chains that bound thee here !
I would not see thy bosom bleed,
Or have thee shed a tear ;
And oh, if thou didst linger long
A part of Earth's deceitful throng,
The dark contact might sear
The pure fresh thoughts that glow within,
Ere ART doth teach the soul to sin.

V.

I would not meet thee when the thrall
Of earth had bound thee fast,—
The world's dark follies would appal
The memories of the past !
I would not ever have thee feel
What hollow Fashion would reveal,
Or o'er thy heart have cast
One doubt of that dear friendship's truth
Which gave the hallowing charm to youth.

VI.

But woe is mine, and I must weep
Its bitter, burning tears—
Nor heart, nor memory will sleep
Through life's long, ling'ring years ;
But thoughts of thee will haunt the shrine
O'er which Hope's early sun did shine,
Undimmed by time's dark fears,
And then I feel the curse and blight
Of hopeless love's unchanging night.

VII.

And now, loved one ! a last adieu !
My fitful strain is o'er ;
The lyre that hymned thee fond and true,
Will wake its chords no more ;
But oh, its shattered wreck will prove
The emblem of a blighted love !
Thy memory I'll adore—
But now, I feel woe's madd'ning spell,
And bid—with breaking heart —farewell !!!

THE LOVER'S SIGH.

A LEGEND OF THE BILOXIS.



I.

A SOUND of mirth is on the air,
A joyous sound of revelry ;
And brightly gleam the torches' glare
Where dusky forms are revelling nigh.
And they have come from far and near
To mingle in the present cheer,
Where o'er them now is softly thrown
A radiance from the Joy-God's throne,
And brightly beams on every brow
The mellow tint of Pleasure's glow.

Is aught within this scene of mirth
The base alloy of lowly earth !

Is this bright hour of gladness blent
With aught of passion's dark intent ?

'Tis not to boast of many scars
Received in recent bloody wars,
Or from the past their prowess prove,
By scalps, around each girdle wove,
That were in hour of battle dread
Torn from many a warrior head :
'Tis not to kindle 'new the ire
That once had glowed with madd'ning fire,
Or conjuré up some demon spell—
Too dark for minstrel lore to tell—
To lure within their dread embrace
The Chieftain of some hated Race ;
Nor e'en to light the torrid blaze,
And on its wreath-wrought pinions gaze,
As when it circles high in air
The stake-bound victim of despair,
That now those noble forms have met,
On whom the seal of joy is set.
Beneath the dusky veil of night,—
Within the blazing torches' light,
The Chieftain of a warrior race
Has brought the fairest of his Tribe,—
And now upon her blushing face
He prints the seal—A CHIEFTAIN'S BRIDE.

II.

And they are too a bright array
Of youthful charms concentred there,
And eyes than dimmer earth more fair
Shoot forth many a sparkling ray.
But She, the fairest of them all,
For whom the youthful maidens vie
“To sing her praise and wait her call”—
Will peace *her* bosom ever fly ?
Alas ! a fearful shadow steals
Already o’er a heart that feels
The cup of Life is drained of all
That could its joyous dreams enthrall.
Yet on the brow no shadow came—
Indeed, ’twere worse than endless shame,
By action, thought, or word to show
That there was aught but pleasure’s glow,
Could flush her cheek of olive then—
And sorrow sheathed its shaft within.
Deep, deep within her bosom shrined,
Were feelings of no heav’nly kind ;
For tho’ with hers was linked a name
That shed fame’s brightness o’er her fate—
Reigned fondly still love’s passion-flame
For one whose heart was desolate.

She loved a youthful form and face,
In which her trusting thoughts could trace

A heart that throbbed in unison
With all the feelings of her own.
And oft this Indian youth had wooed
The maiden in her solitude,
And in those secret haunts, had learned
The depth of that strange love which burned
In still unfading brightness 'round
The hopes that were with cypress crowned.

Now swift the maiden's fancy flew
O'er realms fresh bathed in morning dew,
When Hope had seen its earliest light
And heav'nward plumed its eager flight ;
And in that fairy land is seen
The freshness of Life's morning dream,
And 'neath its soft and mellow skies
A thousand struggling memories rise,
Which force the heart to live and feel
Despite the fear of coming ill.
But now, again, the vision's passed
That for a moment o'er was cast
The darkness of her mental sky,
And Hope is left to droop and die.
The warrior-youth who claimed her love
Was one of a forbidden Tribe ;
And she—his fond and gentle Dove—
A stern Biloxi Chieftain's Bride !

III.

The cheering sounds of mirth have died

Away upon the zephyr's wing,
And quiet reigns in primal pride
Where late was joyous revelling.

A pall of darkness hovering nigh
Is seen upon the midnight sky ;
But there is one of youthful form
With daring high and pulses warm,
Who lingers still in ambush, near
Th' abandoned scene of festive cheer,
As if, within his bosom deep,
A feeling strange that will not sleep,
Impelled him to some rash emprise
Beneath those darkly low'ring skies—
Whose fearful shadows now are blent
With darkness of the deep intent—
And o'er him comes the cherished thought
Of vengeance that his bosom sought.

Go tempt the monarch lion in his lair
When hungry passion wakes the startled air,
And with a fury's crying—madd'ning sound
The woods and hollow caves re-echo 'round—
When from his burning eye-balls fiercely dash
The streaming terrors of the lightning's flash,
Or quickly flames within each angry eye
The fearful glance of woful destiny ;

Go to the royal Tigress' secret den
Where yet the hunter's guilty trace is seen,
And first, the mother feels her bosom pierced
With fortune's demon shaft—with grief accurst,
And in her boiling-heart, a wretched fire
Glowing with deadly, deep, revengeful ire,
She starts aloud the fearful, shrieking cry
Of worse—far worse than mortal agony,
And then is prest, is fondly, madly prest
Her lifeless young ones to her bleeding breast ;—
Aye go, and still with safety you may dare
The more than madness of her grief's despair,
Destroy the angry tigress in her cave
Where gladly seeks she then, a welcome grave ;
Or e'en may challenge too the forest king
Whose tones in fierce and wrathful echo's ring,
And from the dread rencontre proudly rise
With triumph gleaming from your sparkling eyes.
But nought may hope to 'scape the dreadful ire,
That's waked by youthful Passion's warm desire,
Or quench the maddening thoughts that anxious burn
In fitful gleams around Hope's early urn,
And vainly would the helpless victim hope
The deadly vengeance-spell around him broke,
Which dwells within the joyless soul's recess
Nor pitying calms its deep and wild distress.

For oh, when shadows cloud the heart,
And from its fairy realms depart

The empress Pleasure from her throne,
And hush'd the spell of Music's tone
Which thrilled through every chord
'Till Passion's demon throng adored ;
When all that erst was bright and fair
On earth or sea, in sky or air—

As if some fiend of darkness came
O'er fancy's beauteous realm to reign,
And spreading wide each sable wing
Gives Hope its darkened coloring—
No more may gild th' enraptured view
Or bloom with Hope's enchanting hue ;
When Love hath sheathed with practised art
Its pois'nous arrows in the heart,
And then is felt the bitter curse
Of Passion—horrid phantom-nurse—
The blight of Eden's dearest flowers
That garlanded life's morning hours,
And in the soul a quenchless flame
That sears the heart and rends the brain—
Oh then will come the desperate thought
To flaming glow of frenzy wrought,
That would with reckless fury dare
The darkest bidding of despair.

And now within that youthful Indian's breast
When all, save him, have sought their couches' rest,
There lurks a deadly and prophetic hate
That spurns the fell decree of recent fate

And fiercely in its growing madness glows
To wreak full vengeance on exulting foes.
And when shall blushing break the new-born day
And shine again on earth dawn's earliest ray
A piercing wail will startle all the land
And quickly rouse to arms each warrior band,
And hills and dales will echo round
The startling war-whoop's yelling sound.

Sleep on!—Concealed in midnight shade,
The lover of that fair young maid,
All fiery with the fell intent
On which his soul was firmly bent,
Drew forth from 'neath the shell-decked veil
That shields his bosom from the gale—
Where hidden now its empty sheath—
The poisoned instrument of death,
And as with stern uplifted eye
He reared its point toward the sky,—
Whose shadows feed the soul's unrest—
Bade all his idol-Gods attest
And on Heaven's azure-tinted brow
Record his soul-avenging vow—
That ere the dawn shall tint the sky,
Its blade shall blush with crimson pride,
And wakeless in his slumber lie
The Chief of Bilox' haughty Tribe.

IV.

'Tis morn,—a fair and beauteous morn !
All cloudless now the azure scene
Where gathering shadows late had been,
But slept the spirit of the storm.
'Tis morn ! that bright and cheerful hour
When Heaven puts forth a ruddy glare
And blushing wakes the dew-gemm'd flow'r
To scatter fragrance on the air,—
The time when sounds of air and earth
Within the anxious heart give birth
To quiet dreams of hope and joy,
And visions of life's unalloy ;
When pleasure with her golden crown
Sits high on her imperial throne,
And proudly waves her sceptre hand ;
To shower blessings o'er the land.

But oh, there is many a heart
That feels not now the blissful hope
Which those sweet visions can impart,
And sighs to know its spirit broke !
Oh ! there's many an eye once bright
Now shines with a decaying light,
And shaded brows that never knew
As now, the depth of sorrow's hue.
The stream of their existence grows
Yet darker as the current flows,

And on its surface swift are borne
The wreck of joys forever gone.

Deep—deep within their bosoms' swell
The thoughts no earthly power can quell,
And on the track of guilt they fly
To wreak full vengeance or to die.
Where now is he who wakes the grief
That seeks in streams of blood relief?
Who madly in his vengeance swore
The Chieftain should awake no more,
And to his couch in secret went,
Nor proved in vain his dark intent?

No beaten trail he now pursues
As through the forest realm he goes,
No 'customed track he seeks to find
As anxious oft he looks behind
In hope to lure the fearful wrath
Of vengeance on his hidden path.
And does he tread those wilds alone?
Have all his hopes so sterile grown,
That not a glimpse of pleasure's gleam
Lights up the dread and lonely scene?

A fair and fragile form is by—
There stirs within no anguish'd sigh,
For blest, with all his wishes blest,
Joy rears its throne within his breast.

And she is lovely as the morn
When first awakes the flush of dawn,
And o'er the earth is mildly thrown
Soft radiance from Aurora's throne.
In vain the limner's art might trace
The sweetness of that fair young face—
In vain his skilful hand essay
Its many beauties to portray;
Such pleasing charms—such potent spell
Within those clustering graces dwell,
It seems as if to earth was given
A spirit robed in hues of Heaven.
Who is the venturous maid, so sweetly fair—
As beauteous as Heaven's angels are—
That clings so fondly to her loved one's side
As hurriedly he threads his doubtful way?
Say, can it be the fallen Chieftain's bride?
Will peace within her trusting bosom stay?
Will sweetest flowers along her path be strown
And angel-happiness guard her as its own?

V.

The sun is waning in decline,
Its last, faint rays but dimly shine
Upon the tall tree-tops, and now
Yet linger on the mountain's brow.
Deep in that dark and lonely wood
Where nature's throned in solitude,

There rose erect in towering pride,
And closely standing side by side,
Two pines of equal height and size,
Far reaching to the nether skies,
And at their base two forms recline—
Oh fair each spirit's earthly shrine—
By hunger, thirst and toil o'ercome,
Their race, alas, untimely run !
For where the Indian lovers slept,
Around them, thickly, slyly crept
The deadliest reptiles that have birth
Within those secret haunts of earth ;
With sparkling eyes, now hissing round,
They coil them for the fatal bound—
And now—is thrust the threatened fang
That wakes them with its deadly pang.

Hark ! 'pon their fast pursuing path
Rings loud the echoed yell of wrath ;—
Nearer and nearer still they come—
At last, the vengeance-goal is won.
A mellow music 'mong the trees
As swaying to the zephyr's breeze,
Commingling with the last sad sigh
Of those young lovers ere they die,
Fell 'pon each dread pursuer's ear
And filled him with a nameless fear—
A thrill—a strange, mysterious dread—
They turned—and left unharmed—the dead.

As oft is heard at evening's quiet hour,
When nature charms with weird, mysterious power,
The soft, low, wailing sounds that often come,
From pine-trees breathing gentle zephyr's moan,
The dusky sons of Bilox' haughty Tribe,
Tell of the Chieftain's fair and faithless Bride,
And of the youthful lovers shuddering tell
The righteous fate their wanton hopes befel,
And name the moaning sound that wantons by —
THE DYING INDIAN LOVERS' SIGH.

MARY.

I.

THERE'S brightness on thy brow, Mary,
And thine the sunny glow of youth,
And dreams of happiness are now
To thee, the spirit-spell of truth.
Thy heart is free from every cloud
That comes from cavern-depths of care,
And free from sorrow's early shroud
The spirit-dove that nestles there.

II.

There's hope in thy young heart, Mary,
And pleasure sparkles in thy smile,
And thine the soul-entrancing art
Another's sorrow can beguile.

Bright visions of the future now
In fancy's mirror you behold,
And joy and hope illumine thy brow
Like gems empearled in beauty's mould.

III.

There's brightness in thy glance, Mary,—
The Day-God sheds no fonder beam
Than those bright orbs which can entrance
The heart by their resplendent sheen.
And oh, the sweetness of thy smile
Gives glow of radiance to thy cheek,
In whose bright beams can bask the while
Love's fairy, and its vigils keep.

IV.

There's music in thy voice, Mary,
In every tone a heavenly thrill,
And proudly does the soul rejoice
In treasuring each soft cadence still.
Thy song is yet upon the air,
And unseen spirits worship 'round,
And to the heart's deep chambers bear
The rapture of its thrilling sound.

V.

All earth to thee is bright, Mary,
With every soft enchanting hue,
And flowers greet thy raptured sight,
Without one bitter thorn in view.
And oh, were mine the fairy spell
To circle round thy coming days,
In thy pure heart should ever dwell
The brightness of life's morning rays.

VI.

But clouds come o'er the sky, Mary,
And darkly robe the beam of day,
And hearts are often made to sigh
Ere youth has spent its earliest ray.
The shafts of canker-care are worn
Deep—deep within the bosom's cell,
And sorrow plants its bitter thorn
Where joy had wreathed its garland-spell.

VII.

And he, who strikes the lyre, Mary,
Who sweeps e'en now its trembling strings,

Has felt the glow of passion-fire
That to the heart ambition brings :—
And ere the ocean of his youth
Had laved proud manhood's distant shore,
What life had known of joy and truth
Was mingled with affliction's store.

VIII.

A glorious *gift* is thine, Mary,
Mind's signet on thy forehead beams,
And round thy spirit's earthly shrine
A glow of sun-like radiance streams.
But o'er thy brow will come a shade,
And Passion there will set its seal,
And flowers in thy path will fade
When life its darker hues reveal.

IX.

I would thou could'st not share, Mary,
The canker-spell of care and pain,
Or in thy gentle bosom bear
The sadness of hope's dying strain.
But seldom cloudless is the sky
O'er which the rays of genius shine—
And surely flashes from thine eye
The radiance of that light divine.

X.

A friend's fond wish is thine, Mary,—
Oh, may life's each revolving year,
Renew youth's cherished primrose time,—
Thy heart unsullied by a tear :
And may thy light of joy e'er shame
The lustre of youth's sunny beam,
And thou continue e'er to reign
The Empress of Hope's radiant scene.

SONNETS.

SUSAN.

I.

A WORLD of thought, of dreamy thought lies stored
Within the depths of those bright, sparkling orbs
That beam upon the soul with wondrous power,
And captive bind the unreluctant heart.
In gazing on thy features fair, a hoard
Of fancies throng the brain—the soul absorbs
Each pleasing dream, and consecrates the hour
That formed of friendship pure, and thee a part.
A gem-like sheen upon thy brow appears,
Which is the reflex of immortal mind—
A glow that will not fade in after years,
When beauty, pleasure, youth are left behind,
But be through time and change, a light to bless
Thee with its constant beam of happiness.

FANNIE.

II.

Upon thy fair and placid brow I love
To look. There beauty sits enthroned, and waves
The idol-sceptre that the heart can move
To mild obedience, when it madly braves
The power of love. The gift of high command
O'er thoughts all cold and passionless is thine,
And thine to hold o'er hearts the mystic wand
That homage draws to beauty's gem-wrought shrine
And thou art good as fair! Within thy breast
There lies of instincts pure, a treasured mine,
And each loved trait that virtue knows, a guest
Thy heart doth own, and all its worth is thine.
What joy to thee! what brilliant hope it brings!
What happy thoughts and blest imaginings!

J A N E .

III.

The witchery of gentleness and truth

Doth spell-like hold thee in its pleasant thrall,
And blooming with the hues of primrose youth,
Joy crowns thee with its radiant coronal.

Retiring as the day-light's fading beam,

And modest as the blushing tints of dawn—
Thou seem'st the angel of a lover's dream—

Or rosy Goddess of the vernal morn.

Within thy heart is innocence enshrined,

And on thy brow hope's impress bright appears ;
Thy face is radiant with the glow of mind

That casts a pleasure-beam o'er coming years.

The sweetest flowers along thy path are strown
And angel-happiness guards thee as its own.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I.

AT this lone hour, when all is still
Save oft the wanton breeze's moan,
The thoughts that then my bosom thrill,
When left, sad, weary and alone,
Cast gloomy shadows on my mind,
And life a fearful vision seems,
So fraught with hopes that ne'er may find
Existence save in fitful gleams.

II.

And often at this cheerless hour—
This hour of quietude and gloom,
I yield my heart unto that power
Which breathes of sadness and the tomb.



The dreams of other years come back
And cluster wildly on the heart,
And Feeling, tortured on the rack
Of Memory, seeks its shrine apart.

III.

How frail indeed are human hopes—
All fair in Boyhood's primrose time ;
But soon as when the flow'ret opes
Their beauties wither and decline.
And yet, 'tis well our early years
Are full of Hope's indulgent smiles,
Since after-time is fraught with tears,
And seldom joy the heart beguiles.

IV.

Those youthful hopes, man's early dreams,
They fondly cling to memory's chain,
And to the heart their sunny beams
Oft give delight,—alas !—how vain,—
We ask again for joyous youth,
The bounding pulse, the cheerful tread,
The heart's first innocence and truth,
Which now like summer dreams have fled.

V.

In vain the call—the vision's past—
From youth's gay scenes we're torn apart,
And lone remembrance shrines at last
In silent hope the joyless heart.
Those early dreams have fled away,
And now the storm of bitter ills
That make man's life a wintry day,
Alone our sad existence fills.

VI.

Such are the thoughts that wildly come
In midnight's silence o'er the mind,
And mar the blissful hopes that bloom
In visions with our being twined.
And I have felt the sadd'ning change
Which grief has wrought upon the heart,
And hopes, and fears, and tumults strange,—
Unwelcome guests that ne'er may part.

VII.

Not thus howe'er at noon of night
These hated visions crowded e'er,—

'Twas oft in dreams of fond delight
I learned its muteness to revere.
Then buried in my books and 'lone,
A daring thought possessed my brain,
I would not live and die unknown
Or wear an undistinguished name.

VIII.

'Twas then Ambition seized my mind
And lit up fiery dreams of fame,
And oft I thought that I could find
The goal whence burned the flickering flame.
The anxious hope, the fevered brain,
Did startle Thought's electric fire,
'Till tortured nerves and growing pain
Forbid me longer to aspire.

IX.

And now the frenzied hope is dead,
That made the bubble fame its goal,
And thoughts and feelings all are fled,
That Passion flooded on the soul.
The time of youth, the boyhood time,
When dreams flash brightness on life's path,—
Ambition's visions, all, in fine,
Are rent as by the lightning's wrath.

X.

All—all are gone, and I am not
The dreaming boy of other years,
Those fruitless fancies are forgot,
And what were smiles are changed to tears.
Upon my heart the vulture feeds,—
And hence, all daring hope of fame,
And thoughts that aimed at lofty deeds
Have wandered back to whence they came.

XI.

Thus, let them rest,—my brow is mild,
And now my pulse beats gently on,
And passions that were deep and wild
Have fluttered on the heart and gone.
Yet am I changed. And oft as moans
Each murmuring breeze that wantons by,
I've felt its cadence in life's tones
And thought 'twere luxury to die.



STANZAS.

I.

You ask me fair Lady, why slumbers
My harp-string neglected so long,
And bid me awaken its numbers
To echos of gladness and song.
Oh, you know not what sorrows oppress
The heart that is nurtured in woe,
For the spell of Youth's vision can bless
The harp of the Minstrel no more.

II.

My bark was thrown out on life's ocean
In the brightness of youth's early morn,
When hope and the heart's fond emotion
Were free from the touch of the thorn.

In the sky of my fate there appeared
A star that shone bright and serene,
And with pleasure's wild fancies I reared
The fabric of life's golden dream.

III.

O'er the waves a dark tempest appearing—
There burst from the storm-cloud a flame,
That reft the proud vessel careering
Of all but a fragment and name.
And the star o'er my fate that was cast,
To lead me to fortune and fame,
Grew dim, until extinguished at last
In the depth of my folly and shame.

IV.

The Roman in sadness once musing
On the ruins that grew dark on his sight,
Felt a glow of deep sorrow suffusing
The heart that had nurtured delight.
Thus aroused to reflection he stood
A statue of grief and despair,
And moved at the wreck of time's flood,
He paid the sad tribute—a tear.

V.

How dark are the hopes and despairing
That cluster around my sad heart—
The spells of deep sorrow are tearing
Youth's pleasure and being apart.
The sweet visions that fancy would call
From the depths of the spirit land,
The hopes of my manhood appal,
Like a spectral and shadowy band.

VI.

Then ask not, fair Lady, why slumbers
My harp-string neglected so long,
Nor bid me awaken its numbers
To echoes of gladness and song.
Alas ! you know not what sorrows oppress
The heart that is nurtured in woe,
For the spell of youth's vision can bless
The Harp of the Minstrel no more.

UNBIND THIS WREATH.

I.

UNBIND this wreath upon my brow
Whence hope and joy have fled,
This garland ill beseems me now—
My thoughts are with the dead.
They linger o'er the grave where sleeps
The loved of other days,
And oh, the heart in sadness weeps
For hope's departed rays.

II.

Take back—take back the worthless prize
That lured my parent's will,
I cannot wed in joy's disguise
When griefs my bosom fill.

This gaudy wreath would fairer bloom
On hope's young, spotless brow—
On mine alas, there is a gloom
That dims its cheerful glow.

III.

Unbind this wreath ! I will not wear
The joy I do not feel—
These bridal robes bedeck despair
Whose wounds they cannot heal.
Oh, what is gold, that life should give
Its memory of years,
And force the broken heart to live
In wretchedness and tears.

LOVE UNCHANGING.

I.

THY eye still brightly beams, Love,
With light that erst was thine,
In which affection seems
To keep its sainted shrine.
Thy gaze so sweet, with joy complete,
Thy cheerful smile that knows no wile,
Are links that bind me fast
To memories of the past.

II.

No change is in thy heart, Love,
Thou art in all the same,
As when thy winning art
Did first my homage claim.

And though we've seen youth's faded dream,
And lived through years of toil and tears,
 No fortune e'er beguiles
 From love its trusting smiles.

III.

How oft in mem'ry's glass, Love,
 I pierce the misty veil
That time throws o'er the past
 To dim Love's youthful tale.
Oh then I feel thy image steal
In light of youth, of love and truth
 Across my soul that shares
 The burden of thy cares.

IV.

And you through life will be, Love,
 A faithful spirit still,
And I the same to thee,
 Through scenes of joy and ill.
Thy bloom will fade, and time will shade
Thy beauty's page with dents of age,
 But in my heart will be
 Unchanging love for thee.

OH! I REMEMBER!



I.

OH, I remember well the hour
When first I owned thy beauty's power,
And felt to earth a charm was given
To guile me with its mimic Heaven.
Enchained I sat beside thee then
While feelings strange grew up within,
My heart's fond happiness to prove—
But oh! I did not dream 'twas love!

II.

I left thee only for a day,
But thought did yield to fancy's sway,
And still I bask'd the ling'ring while
Within the light of beauty's smile.

I heard thy gentle accents o'er,
Thy eyes, bright beaming as before,
And felt my heart's deep fountains move,
But oh ! I did not dream 'twas love !

III.

And now, I look into my heart,
Thy image fills up every part ;
I scan the mirror of my soul,
And there thy shadow has control ;
And thought ne'er borne on wings afar,
Makes thee its bourne and idol-star ;—
Let these thy trophies amply prove,
How close each feeling links with love.

THE MINIATURE.

I.

I GAZE entranced ! and as my wondering eyes
 Drink in the beauty of thy witching smile,
The hopes and haunted thoughts of years arise
 That line the shore of memory's dream-girt isle,
And Moslem-like, I feel at length 'tis given,
To view the Houri of my visioned Heaven.

II.

I gaze, and fain would bow and worship thee,
 For ne'er did to the Grecian minstrel seem
A Goddess worthier of the homaged knee,
 Nor e'er did Nymph that haunted Poet's dream,
Awaken half the deep idolatry
My heart has gathered to its shrine for thee.

III.

Thou seem'st too lovely far for mortal birth—
An angel-visitant of this lowly sphere,—
Thy charms are of the primrose morn of earth
When every flower did its God revere—
When Naiads laughed beside the silver stream
And fairies revelled in the orient beam.

IV.

Sweet shape ! Thy beauty has enchained my thought,
And fixed its anchored dreams on thee alone,
And oh, the shrine my pilgrim-fancy sought
Is in the marvel of thy graces won.
Thou art the cynosure of every dream
That gave to earth its brightest, happiest beam.

V.

The Elfin-genius of the smile doth beam
In kindling beauty on thy blooming lip,
Where nectar, rich as Hermion dew, I ween
Would tempt the Grecian Deities to sip.
Oh oft, my kisses warm I've showered there
And fain would breathe my life on lips so fair.

VI.

Sweet image, say ! Art thou of Earth or Air ?
Art thou a being of the realms of life,
Or has the Artist's fancy placed thee there,
The sun of dreams with which his soul was rife,
To type some Naiad of the moonlit wave,
Or Peri of the ocean's coral cave ?

VII.

Thou art so fair in feature and in form,
It seems, some Angel quitting Heaven's sphere,
Dissolved in light, whose radiant beam of morn
Quick flew to earth and left its image here.
Whate'er thy source, I know and feel thou art
The loved Egeria of my dreaming heart.

VIII.

I gaze, and lingering gaze as on the star
That brightest shines in Love's Ausonian sky,
Whose beams fall softly from their home afar
And on the soul in mirrored beauty lie,
Awaking in the heart a music-tone,
Like Harp of Memnon answering to the sun.

IX.

For veiled within the heart there is a lyre
That sweetly echoes to affection's breath,
And every feeling wakes a kindred wire
That twines about the soul its music-wreath ;—
And now, I feel some fond emotion move
The chord that trembles to the sigh of love.

X.

Yes, image fair ! I own thou hast a spell
Zanoni-like, around my being thrown,
And hopes and feelings that no power can quell
Have with each look at thee more earthly grown,
Until encompassed by Love's mystic chain,
I struggle with its faultless links in vain.

XI.

Thou art indeed, the idol of my soul,
The earth-born Goddess at whose shrine I bow,
And e'er I'll turn me from earth's low control
To Eden visions such as haunt me now,
And seek in pride of fame and power to be
More pure in heart and less unworthy thee.

XII.

What though be filled the storehouse of the mind
With lessons taught in tomes of ancient lore,
Or quaffed Pierian fount where song is shrined
And Poesy sweeps still its harp of yore,
If o'er Ambition's way thy light doth throw
No beam to hallow life with kindred glow ?

XIII.

Oh, Life would be a bleak and barren waste
Where flowers shed no fragrance o'er the scene,
And death—misnamed of Terrors—be embraced
In welcome sweetness as a pleasant dream,
If in my future was no sphere for thee
In which to shape and rule my destiny.

XIV.

Another gaze ! and now the trembling string
Of my weak lyre must cease its wand'ring strain—
And yet, 'tis not the breath of fancy's wing
That 'wakens notes that may, alas, be vain,
For on the spirit-altar, tones divine
Make music 'round the heart's enchanting shrine.

XV.

I love thee, WIFE ! Life's holiest thought is thine !

For thee I'd dare the steep ascent of fame,
And with the trophied laurels proudly twine

In fadeless wreaths the letters of thy name—
Now glassed upon the mirror of my soul,
To keep me free from sin and earth's control.

LA BAGATELLE.

WRITTEN IN CHURCH.

I.

A HUNDRED eyes, a hundred eyes, Ned,
All beaming gently bright,
Are tempting prize, are tempting prize, Ned,
To win an anchorite.
There's black and blue, there's black and blue, Ned,
A careless thing to you,
And yet to you I own 'tis true, Ned,
I once preferred the blue.

II.

'Twas at a time, a charming time, Ned—
In confidence 'tis told—

In folly's prime, in folly's prime, Ned,
 When I was young and bold.
I dared to love, I dared to love, Ned,
 This charming eye of blue,
And hard I strove, and hard I strove, Ned,
 To win the charmer too.

III.

My harp was strung, with garlands hung, Ned,
 And fancy touched the strings,
While passion sung, the flowers among, Ned,
 Its wild imaginings.
I saw a tear, a trembling tear, Ned,
 O'erflow its crystal cell,
And Hope did cheer with flattering cheer, Ned,
 Much more than tongue can tell.

IV.

I touched again with tender strain, Ned,
 The string made doubly dear—
'Twas all in vain—it broke in twain, Ned,
 Alas, the faithless tear.
And now I'm free, as ever free, Ned,
 To sport with Beauty's chain,
Too soon to be, perhaps with thee, Ned,
 Far worse entwined again.

V. •

So many eyes, of various dyes, Ned,
 All beaming gently bright,
Are tempting prize to win the sighs, Ned,
 Of e'en an anchorite.
Then how can we, oh how can we, Ned,
 Who love a glance so well,
Hope long to be, all fancy free, Ned,
 Untouched by beauty's spell.

THE GIRL ON COLLINS STREET.



I.

IN storied verse and olden song
We're told of maidens fair,
Whose glance could e'er disarm the strong
Or strengthen woe and despair.
Such beauty's charm is lingering yet,
And yet the homage meet;
A peerless one I oft have met—
The girl on Collins Street.

II.

I've heard the sweet Parnassian lyre
In beauty's praise awake,
And quivering with poetic fire,
The marble heart would break.

But never strain that Genius sung
In Delian numbers sweet,
Did more to maiden fair belong
Than her on Collins Street.

III.

I've seen the lovely Southern maid
Full blest with beauty's charms,
And Northern girls in smiles arrayed
Whom truth and virtue warms ;
The Eastern fair with polished mind
And Western ones I meet,
But ne'er the counterpart could find
Of her on Collins Street.

IV.

The lovely form of Grecian mould,
And face enwreathed with smiles,
The tress of raven and of gold
And eye that love beguiles,
Have often stirred the heart's deep strain
Of music wildly sweet,
But none could prompt its best refrain
Like her on Collins Street.

v.

I've sat and worshipped at her side,
In summer's quiet even,
When Hope has whispered of a bride,
To make of earth a Heaven.
I've gazed upon her features fair
And beauty all complete,
And thought that none could e'er compare
With her on Collins Street.

vi.

I lingered on each gentle tone
From her sweet lips that fell,
And marked how bright her clear eyes shone
That pierced my bosom's cell.
The pinioned hours flew swiftly by,
And fast my pulses beat—
I could not speak—but oft did sigh
For her on Collins Street.

vii.

The fondest dreams e'er fancy knew
Within my heart found birth,
And hope was tinged with radiant hue,
As vernal blooms of earth.

The sky of life seemed bright and fair
As mingling rays that meet,
And then to woo, I've thought I'd dare
The girl on Collins Street.

VIII.

With this resolve one eve I went,
The moon shone clear above,
And all the starry firmament
Seemed poetry and love.
I quaffed the soul-inspiring scene,
And felt its influence sweet,
While dreaming of my heart's dear queen,
The girl on Collins Street.

XI.

With hope elate and heart of love
I touched the sounding wire,
Its thrilling music did but move
My love's impassioned fire.
The door flew wide, but what, alas !
My anxious eyes did greet !
Nine hats—like spectres in the pass—
Of *beaux* on Collins Street.

X.

My memory oft recalls that hour
And all the thoughts it gave,
When hope decayed like blasted flower
And happ'ness found a grave.
The sudden shock which moved me then
My startled nerves repeat,
As oft the memory comes again
Of beaux on Collins Street.

XI.

Those hats like ghouls their vigils keep
Around my thoughts by day,
And e'en when locked in dreamy sleep
Like spectres haunt their prey.
Sometimes I feel renewed love's spell,
And should I chance to meet
Those hats no more, all *may* be well
With me on Collins Street.

POEM.

Delivered before the Mercantile Library Association,
San Francisco, California, 1853.

No paltry task my humble Muse essays—
Unused to bask beneath the solar blaze—
As like some maiden coy, she views the lyre,
And blushing hopes, yet trembles to aspire.
When Homer touched the lyre's slumbering chord
It woke to music and the world adored ;
When Maro's harp with garden riches twined
By rural themes entranced the public mind,
The air all laden with the wealth of praise
Resigned its freight in homage to his lays.
When Tasso touched with true promethean fire
Sent forth the echos of a magic lyre,
The nations owned the beatific strain
And Heaven gladdened at the Poet's reign.

When Milton rapt with dreams of richest light
Looked up to Heaven and soared in daring flight,
The holiest honors of the tuneful Nine
Were wreathed to decorate his Muse's shrine.
Not such the dream an humble bard inspires
Whose trembling Muse to lesser heights aspires ;
Who ne'er has known to build the palaced rhyme
Nor breathed the odors of the Minstrel's clime.
Well may she pause and seek to shun the flight
That palsies now her pinions with affright,—
But lured by smiles, and by your favor won,
She braves the task, with flattering trust begun.

I.

As slowly sinks th' expiring God of Day—
Its track sublime throughout its lengthened way—
The occidental wave invites to rest
The shining Monarch on its limpid breast,
And ere his burning car to view is lost
His latest beam lights up our golden coast.
This land, which, like some tale of fairy seems
The fancied fable of the Poet's dreams,
Like Pallas armed, proclaimed its magic birth—
The monarch-splendor of the startled earth.
To it as to the Mecca's sainted shrine
The pilgrim-world began its march sublime,—
The calm, the rash, the wise and zealot, all
Renouncing home, its ties and kindred thrall.

Not all the wealth of legendary lore
From which the Minstrel heaps his hoarded store,
Nor fancies thronging on the Poet's brain
In fond accord, or wild, disordered train,
Such marvel to the gazing world conveyed—
Such seeming false in holiest truth arrayed.
The Bard whose lyre by Fable's Goddess strung
Th' enchanting strains of weird Tradition sung,
Ne'er dreamed 'mid fictions of the fertile mind,
The Real, which this golden land enshrined.
Where freedom dwells or haughty despots reign,
And vile oppression boasts a hallowed name,
The same ambitious dreams the heart inspired
And Fancy fashioned what the Hope desired.
Thus 'roused, and starting from lethargic sleep,
Their straining eyes looked o'er the mighty deep,
And to their anxious visions came the sight
Of Goddess throwing off the robes of night,
And then her glittering garments they behold
As waves a queenly sceptre o'er the land of gold.
To Fancy's eye the glistening shore did seem,
More bright by far than Grecian minstrel's dream,
And as they viewed, imagination warm
New beauties gave, enriched with every charm,
'Till lost in wonder, in amazement lost,
Each thought was haunted by the distant Coast.

II.

It seemed a land that basked beneath the sun
Whose genial smiles upon it ever shone,
Where fruits and flowers in its green parterres
Would homage yield from Nature's worshippers,
And Nature's self by rosy wreaths in thrall
Would vie in mirth with joyous Bacchanal.
A land whose streams are rich with precious ores,
And tempting Naiads more than Grecian shores,
Whose mountains bathing in eternal snows
O'erlook the vales that sleep in sweet repose,
Where summer smiling, with its gorgeous train
Sheds o'er the scene the glories of its reign.
A land with hills the Arcadian fancy saw
With Oreads filled—unknown to Nature's law—
And fountains graced by water-nymphs that lave
Their beauties in the fresh, translucent wave.
A land whose mountains, hills and vales and plains,
Whose streams, and fountains breathing music's strains,
Are rich with treasures to the eye unseen
And give to truth the semblance of a dream.
The while they sought, the hopeful fancy grew,
And splendors brightened on the pilgrim's view ;
The stony mountain in its height serene,
And valley blooming in eternal green,
All, turning like the fabled dream of old
By Midas' touch to heaps of massive gold.

III.

Lo ! Now the mighty throng of pilgrims stand
Exulting on the Western Ocean's strand,
The peril past—the mountain and the deep—
Kind fortune smiles and cares forget to weep.
Upon the drowsy world begins to break
The dawn of truth to bid its legions wake
From slumbers by despotic poppies shed,
And own the memories of their horrors fled.
The tinsel drapery of thrones conceals
But ill what human misery reveals,
And man by power forced to kiss the rod
Will smite the smiter 'neath the smile of God.
The law of might will yield to lordly right,
The sword by Justice sheathed will shun the fight,
And Earth's proud Monarchs like their Serfs will be,
A people Sovereign, happy, proud and free.
Wise Heaven marks the spot for freedom's home
Where towering minaret and lofty dome
Shall seek in pride to reach the vaulted skies
And be a solace for Oppression's sighs.
Of every nation, age, complexion, race,
Th' anomaly of human kind we trace ;
Religions, creeds and fantasies repose
In mild, indulgent humor to their foes,
And all in seeming harmony unite
To wrestle in ambition's zealous fight.

Here rests the Briton's rage 'gainst Gallic foes
And sleeps the Frenchman's fury in repose ;
Here Austrian pride forgetful of its hate
Bohemia's sons discerns in equal state,
And exiles driven from Hungarian shore
Their wrongs retain but feel their fears no more.
The titled Noble, with ancestral pride,
Scorns not the low-born subject at his side ;
The wise, the princely, and the worldly great
No honors claim o'er humbler man's estate ;
By rank, distinction, wealth, degree,
No form is hallowed and the mind is free ;
Sole patent of man's noble birth we claim,
Not royal favors, but an honest name.
All here alike, the humble and the proud,
Unheeding join ambition's eager crowd,
And each doth vie with each to win the prize,
The soil auriferous in its wealth supplys.
Europe her multifarious offspring sends,
And Asia with its dusky hordes attends,
And e'en the Aztec with remembrance strong,
Though unforgiving, swells the motely throng.

IV.

But most the victors of this chosen land
The muse exalts—and audience does demand—
Who 'roused by country's wrongs to seize the sword
Did hurl just vengeance on the Aztec horde,

And from the haughty Mexic' tore the crest
And plucked this gem from off her bleeding breast,
Went forth the champions of the deathless right,
Like heroes proud to woo the willing fight,
As fiercely shrieked the eagle's piercing cry,
Which told the Condor's hateful brood were nigh.
The brave battalia formed in stern array,
And beating hearts were eager for the fray ;
And now at sound of drum and thrilling fife
The warriors march, impatient for the strife.
They went as did of yore their nobler sires,
Who burned with freedom's sublimated fires,
While in their glowing cheeks and glistening eyes
Forth flashed the dauntless spirit of emprise,
And as the eagle ensign o'er them streams
They pant to blazon it with honor's beams.
That banner bears the imprint of their fame,
And from its starry folds each deathless name
Will ever in immortal glory stream,
And mock the splendors of the fading dream.
The grateful tongues of millions yet unborn
Shall keep their deeds as fresh as dewy morn,
And while the sun shall on earth's fragments glo
Their fame will link with name of Mexico.

V.

When war's alarms no longer woke the day,
And Peace resumed her mild, benignant sway,

And from the foe this ocean-gem was torn
In just requital of her causeless scorn,
The bold, brave hearts that then in triumph shone
Now seek the land their priceless valor won.
Towards the setting sun their faces turned,
And strong emotions in each bosom burned
As sped the bark beneath the bending sail,
Or braved the pilgrim's heart the mountain gale.
How sad the memories on the bosom throng
And fill with tears the Muse's mournful song.
The quiet home, the cherished social hearth,
The scenes which gave indulgent childhood mirth ;
The stream that crept beneath the flowering vine
Where youth did sport in boyhood's sunny time,
The garden swelling with its wealth of flowers
Its odorous incense on the morning hours,
And all the scenes by hallowing fondness blest,
In vain, could still the haunted soul's unrest.
The holy trysting place where lovers met
To hide their fondness and their fears forget,
To breathe the vows by lovers only spoken
And guard the trust by faithful hearts unbroken ;
And e'en the idol of the dreaming heart,
The fond Egeria, of the soul a part,
Who when the stars alone their vigils kept,
At passion's holy breathing's fondly wept,
Were reft of power, their witching spells disowned,
And mad ambition in their stead enthroned.
One look, one fond and lingering look was all
The heart betrayed, then broke the silken thrall,

And onward then, and still the speedy flight
To new-born realms now glittering on the sight.
O'er mighty plains the pilgrim bends his way,
Nor can untrodden wilds his soul dismay ;
To him the arid rock or fertile ground
Alike, alike the awful waste around ;
He sees one only star, one guiding light,
And onward hastes through danger's thickening night.
Oh, who can tell the secrets of that soul
As throbbing under passion's wild control,
He hurry's from the hopes of earlier years,
Nor bathes remembrance in repenting tears !
What eye can read the depths of that stern heart,
From early memories rudely torn apart,
As 'mid the silence of untroubled night
Thought wooes the happy realms of earlier light !
What hopes, what varied dreams are now inspired,
Before unknown, nor to the heart desired !
How oft o'er all the withering simoom came,
And hopes, and visions fraught with golden fame,
Like summer dreams the orange groves beneath,
Were swept as autumn leaves before its breath.
Where yon Sierras lift their frowning forms,
Around whose summits play eternal storms,
Many a wearied pilgrim paused to rest,
And sunk supinely on the mountain's crest.
Though full in view the tempting goal appears,
To crown their hopes and dissipate their fears,
Like him, who once on Pisgah's summit stood,
They saw, but ne'er could reach, the promised good.

Now wintry blasts sweep o'er each manly head,
And sing the only requiem for the dead.

VI.

But on, my trembling Muse, nor still prolong,
The saddened echos of unhappy song.
A lofty theme thy feeble praises claim,
And tasks the faltering tribute of thy strain.
Where'er the eye its truant gaze compels,
A world of magic in the circle dwells,
And in its charmed sphere we still advance,
And breathe the odorous breezes of romance.
Of late, along this occidental shore,
The red-browed Monarch, skill'd in savage lore,
Rejoiced on crimson fields to vaunt his pride,
And covet fame on battle's swelling tide.
Was his, the mighty mountain, and the plain,
And his, the prospect of the boundless main,
And streams that rolled their silver tides along,
And hills that echoed to his native song.
The flame of Thought that o'er the Nation's spread,
To startle Monarchs with untimely dread,
Make kingdom's crumble at their fickle base,
And Empires pause to gaze on Freedom's face—
This darkened spot illumed with wondrous light,
And Wisdom's radiance shed o'er Error's Night.
His native haunts no more the savage treads
With bounding pulse, and heart no danger dreads,

But exiled from the peace of other days,
His home no longer beams with tranquil blaze.
The bending sky looks darkly on his fate,
And all his hopes of earth are desolate—
Alas! the feeble wand'rer well may crave
The only boon that's left him now—a grave!
The drowsy Aztec and his Indian foe,
Like ocean-waves receding in their flow,
Are wasting fast upon their native soil,
Where freedom wakens 'neath the sun of toil.
The morning light that bathed them in its beams,
When manhood's pride was flush'd with happy dreams,
Sheds brightly now, its wide, expanded glow,
O'er hills and streams, that swell with music's flow,
Where mightier sovereigns wield the conqu'ring rod,
And own o'er all, the righteous hand of God.
Here Freedom now its mighty temple rears,
To light with hope the dawn of coming years,
And give to earth the more than magic beam,
That wisdom hallows with awakened dream.

A star has risen in the western sky,
Whose light doth seem like Heaven's beauteous eye,
And o'er the earth its quivering beams are thrown,
Like radiance from Aurora's dazzling throne.
No comet's wildness marks its wondrous birth,
Or lightning's gleams that flash and darken earth,
But brilliant as the noon-tide's fervent rays,
It shines with steady and increasing blaze!

Pacific planet hail ! Luxurious coast !
Of every land the freeman's proudest boast !
What forms of shining splendor 'round thee throng,
And swell the accents of melodious song !
The gentle Peace with cadence fills the air,
And Graces, in harmonious numbers rare,
Unite with Muses to enhance the strain,
While Plenty follows with her jovial train.
Here Labor with gigantic arm outspread,
Bids Hunger leave in hope its crumbless shed,
And Wisdom too puts Indolence to shame,
And loses it the trophies of its reign.
Here Learning guides, and reign'd by virtue's laws,
The noblest homage to its Temple draws,
And scanning Earth as with an Eagle's gaze,
Sees Nations basking in its future blaze.
The fondest dreams the Saxon's hope inspires,
His heart inflames, and all his being fires.
He braved the Stony Mountain and the sand,
And ocean wave, at freedom's blest command,
And still Ambition, monarch of his breast,
Obedience owns to freedom's high behest.
Along his beaten track, o'er drought and sand,
Where teeming life but waits th' enchanter's wand,
The iron-steed with lightning hoof will fly
Like meteor-gleam athwart the desert sky,
And bear from clime to clime with matchless worth
The gorgeous treasures of the teeming earth.
What dreams of wealth, and hope and future fame,
Encircle now, the Saxon's shining name !

The Orient unlocks its portals wide,
And Asia floats its treasures on the tide ;
The wealth of India and the ocean isles,
Enchants the eye and freights the heart with smiles,
And scarce the Saxon wish e'er moves the air
Ere all their opulence repays his care.
Nor yet is ancient Babylon forgot,
Whose riches crowned that city's happier lot,
Nor cities vast which Commerce built of yore
Along the Tiber, and Euphrates' shore.
The wealth of Tyre, and Sidon's equal fame,
That sprang from Commerce wafting o'er the main,
The Saxon's heart with kindred wish inspires,
And fortune grants whate'er the hope desires.
Already 'round the Freedom-Goddess' throne
The Queen of Commerce draws her shining zone,
And now, from every nation, mart and clime,
Brings riches vaster than Golconda's mine.
The peerless Clipper, monarch of our bays,
With willing sheets unfurled, its anchor weighs,
And in its winged flight on ocean's breast
Becomes of every clime a favored guest.
Where flows the Danube, or the Ganges' tide,
The Po, or Nile's impetuous waters glide,
The wealth that glistens on each distant shore,
In richest streams upon our Commerce pour.
On earth, there's not a tide or stream that flows ;
No winter's wind, or summer breeze that blows ;

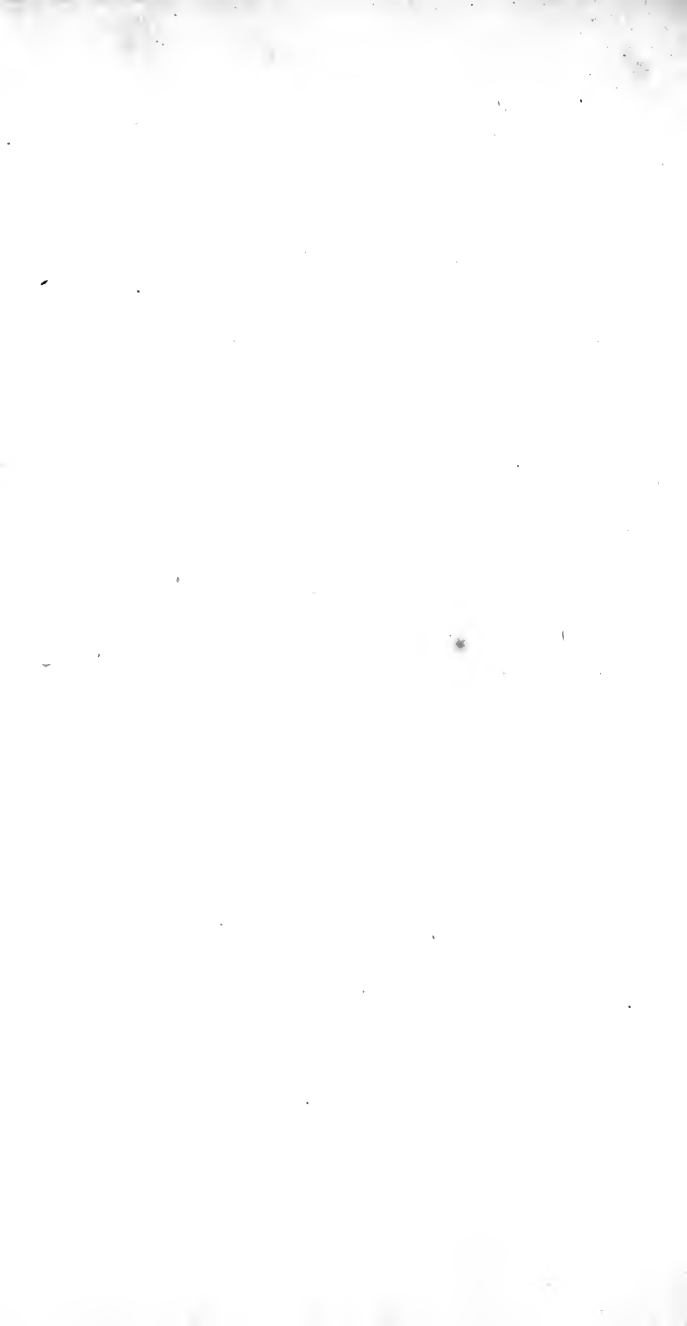
No ray of morning light, or sunshine warm ;
No flower that falls, or rose's blooming charm ;
But each doth hoard its treasures' richest store,
And plant their fulness on our favored shore.



THE END.









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